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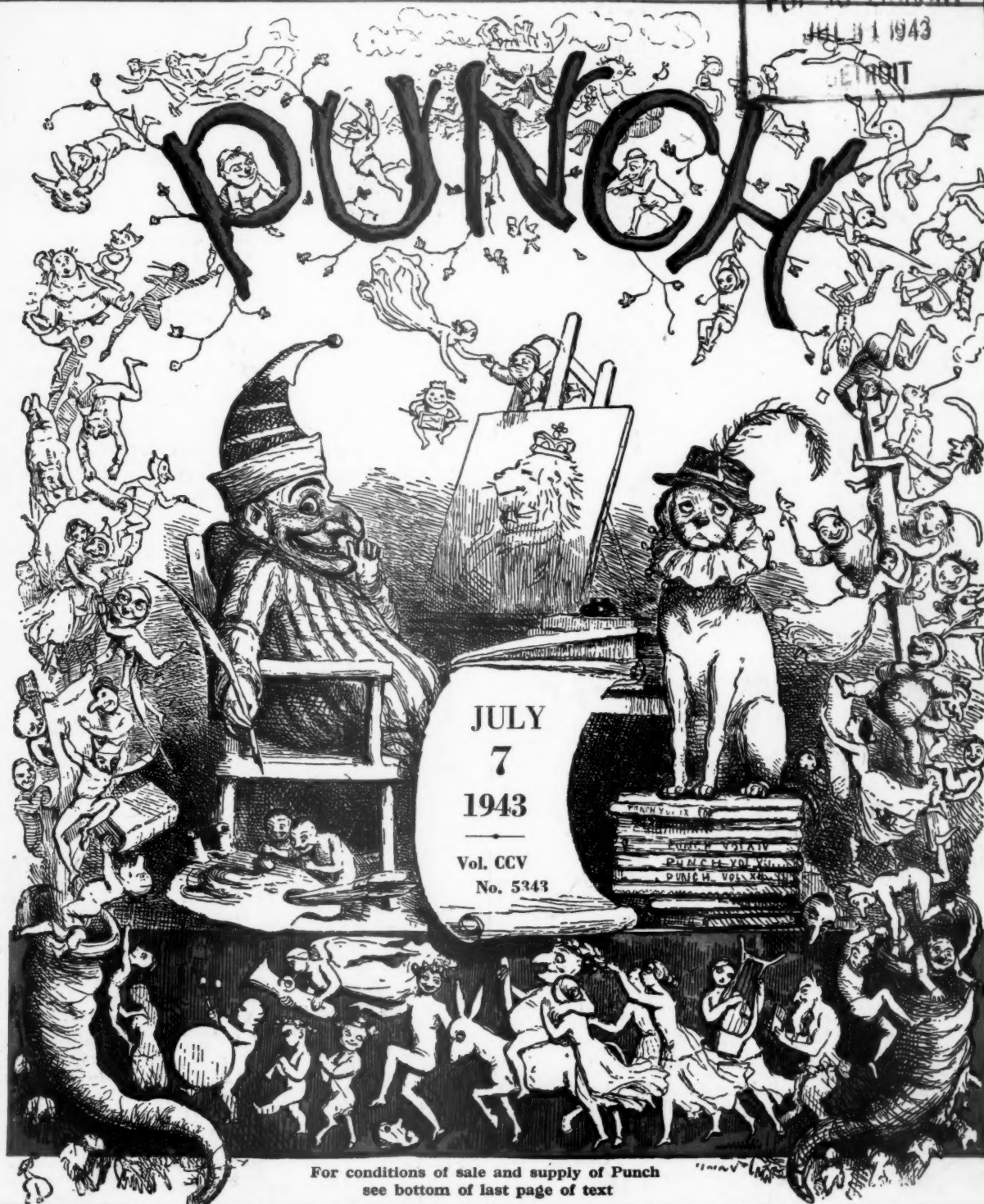
Periodical

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DETROIT



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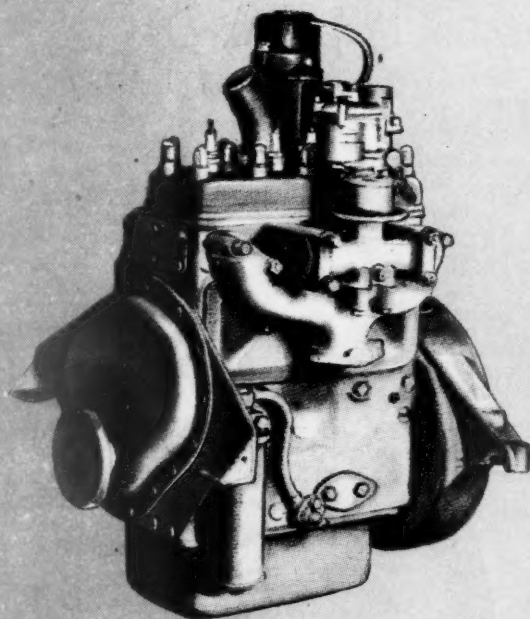
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An engine is useless by itself, its function is to drive something else.

We claim that whether it is for a fire-pump, a generating set or a vehicle, the Coventry Climax engine we put forward for any installation is expressly suited to the special



duties for which it is required.

It is characteristic of the flexible resources of this organisation that in many cases special adjuncts—essential to the highest efficiency of the combined operation — have been developed and perfected, leading to entirely new standards of reliability and performance.

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ENGINES LTD**
COVENTRY ENGLAND



MORE THAN A BEAUTY TREATMENT...

Even on war work, it's poor strategy to hide a good car under a bushel of dirt. Cellulose and plating must be clean to stay healthy. Both, today, are needed for war production. If, through neglect, coachwork has to be reconditioned, the materials and labour involved won't do the Country (or your pocket) any good. Wash coachwork when you can and apply reliable polish to put a protective film over the cellulose. Touch up blemishes at once—before the weather gets at them. Polish plated parts regularly and treat leather etc., with dressing.

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THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD., LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM

S.D. 220



THE CHATWOOD TRADITION
"ACHIEVEMENT IS BUT ANOTHER MILESTONE ALONG THE HIGHWAY OF PROGRESS—THE END OF THE JOURNEY LIES EVER BEYOND."

THE CRAFTSMAN LIVES IN HIS WORK

"If you would see my monument, look around" is the proud inscription on the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Craftsman gives his life to his work—and his achievement is his reward.

Almost 100 years of patient and skilful craftsmanship have gone to the perfecting of The Chatwood Safe and Strong Room. Throughout all those years a determination to be satisfied with nothing less than the best attainable has animated everyone concerned with their construction.

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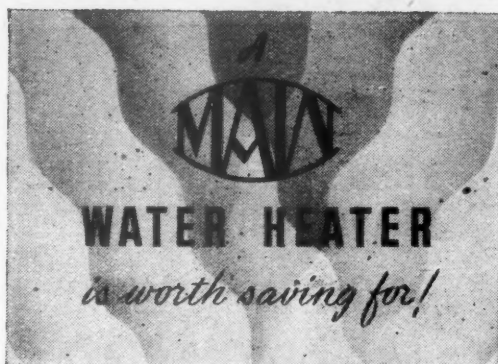
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to the day
when
once again
we order

Schweppes



**STATE
EXPRESS
555**

For over half a
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maintained their
reputation as the
world's finest
cigarettes.



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The Coty Beauty Service has spun a girdle of loveliness around the world. The excellence of Coty Creations is acknowledged in every land—their exquisite charm is beyond compare.

All the more reason for treasuring your Coty to-day, the supply is strictly limited. The Beauty Service that has made the name Coty famous must be but a shadow of its former self till Victory allows the development of our comprehensive post-war plans.

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The creators of L'Origan, L'Almant, Paris, Chypre, Emeraude, Stys, Muguet, "Air Spun" Face Powder, Eau de Coty, Eau de Cologne Cordon Rouge, Eau de Cologne Four Seasons, etc., etc.

C.F.2

STEAD made this
mighty spring



... and like all Springs
made by Stead, can be relied
upon to give unflinching service.

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J. STEAD & CO. LTD. SHEFFIELD 2



PYREX Brand

Regd Trade Mark

**Scientific Glassware
is effective and
dependable.**

Normal dispensary requirements demand that the glassware in use should be not only resistant to sudden temperature changes but also able to resist attacks from acids, at the same time being sufficiently robust to withstand continuous everyday handling.

The additional sturdy strength made possible by the heat-resisting nature of PYREX Brand Scientific Glassware gives it a margin of safety in all experimental work carried out by the research chemist, effectively reduces the risk of breakage, and thus saves much of the heavy cost of glassware replacements.

PYREX Brand Scientific Glassware is absolutely dependable, and maintains over a long period the many vital and reliable characteristics by which it has become famous throughout the country.

PYREX Brand Scientific Glassware is supplied only through Laboratory Furnishers, but illustrated catalogue and two free copies of our Chemist's Notebook will be sent direct on application to us, which should be written on trade heading or accompanied by professional card.

Ask for PYREX Brand and see that you get it!

PYREX Brand

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Scientific Glassware

is made by

**James A. Jobling
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Wear Glass Works,
SUNDERLAND.**



ROSS'S

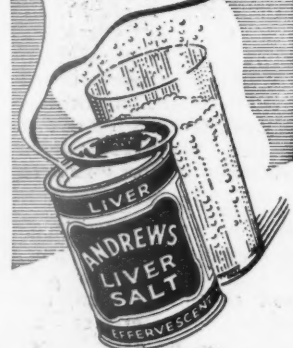
GINGER ALE
SODA WATER

TONIC WATER
GRAPE FRUIT

LIME JUICE CORDIAL
LEMONADE

*off the record in Britain till
the Symphony of Peace is on*

Excuse me—
**INNER
CLEANLINESS**
with **ANDREWS**
is the first
Health rule

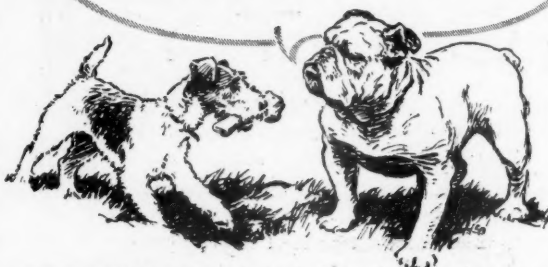


For Inner Cleanliness be regular
with your Andrews

Family size tin 2/-, inc. purchase tax

(32-1)

Hi! old boy...
**SAVE THAT BONE FOR
SALVAGE... don't bury it!**



"What? This old bone? It's all gnawed to bits." "That doesn't matter. Master says, to shorten the war we've got to salvage every scrap of bone we can. He says bones help make Glue for Aircraft construction... and Glycerine for Explosives... and Bone-Flour to feed farm animals... oh yes! and Fertiliser to help him grow Victory Vegetables."

"Gosh! I'll dig up all my old bones for salvage straight away." Bones—even gnawed ones—are vital to our war effort. If every

family salvages only one bone weekly we shall free thousands of tons of shipping space for other essential needs. Save every scrap, even the smallest bones, and put out regularly for collection.

Remember—Game poultry and rabbit bones—though dangerous for dogs—are valuable salvage. Save them, too—besides all beef and mutton bones.

This advertisement is contributed in the National Interest
by the makers of **CHAPPIE DOG FOOD**

The Mark of Maintained
Supremacy.
The Mark of Maintained
Service.



To own a **LOEWE PIPE** is to own a pipe whose leadership in quality has never been challenged. Take great care of it. Loewe briars are very scarce.

LOEWE FREE SERVICE. You are invited to use the services of Loewe experts who will recondition your Loewe briar so that it smokes as sweetly as ever.

LOEWE & Co., Ltd., 58 HAYMARKET, S.W.1



MAP SERIES — No. 12

"THIS ENGLAND"

"This other Eden, demi-Paradise;

This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;

This happy breed of men,
This little world;

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,

Or as a moat defensive to a house,

Against the envy of less happier lands;

This blessed plot, this earth,
this realm, this England."

(Shakespeare)

PETTERS LTD.
OIL ENGINE MANUFACTURERS
LOUGHBOROUGH
ENGLAND

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as always—
a quality product



Quality unrivalled

Whilst it is our wish to do all we can to meet the great demand for Seagers Gin, in the interests of the public, we insist on maintaining the unrivalled quality that has made Seagers Gin famous since 1805.

**SEAGERS
GIN**

Twenty-five shillings and
three pence per bottle

SEAGER EVANS & CO. LTD., LONDON, S.E.8

*Definitely worth
looking for!*



VANELLA

SHIRTS

—MADE TO MATCH—

'VAN HEUSEN'

COLLARS

FALSE TEETH

Are they on your mind?

When, through shrinkage of the gums, a denture loses its original suction grip, discomfort and embarrassment serve as constant reminders of its presence in the mouth. To end this unpleasant state of denture-consciousness use KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE for making false teeth fit firmly. Comfort and confidence are restored and there will be no more chafing of the gums, no more embarrassing situations. Handy sprinkler tins 1/3d, also large 'Economy' size 3/3d, from all Chemists.

**KOLYNOS DENTURE
FIXATIVE**
Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER
for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

UNIFORM

The speed with which we provide Officers' Uniforms, thoroughly well tailored and correct in detail—whether made to measure or ready to wear—often surprises even the Senior Service. Though scarcely comparable with Naval Records, our sixty years' experience in Naval outfitting is certainly something.

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BROS**
& CO LTD

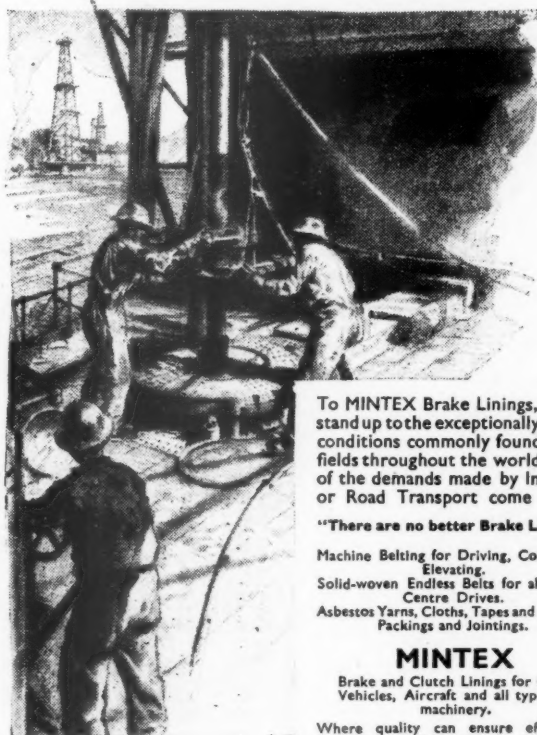
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To MINTEX Brake Linings, which stand up to the exceptionally severe conditions commonly found on oil fields throughout the world, none of the demands made by Industry or Road Transport come amiss.

"There are no better Brake Linings"

Machine Belting for Driving, Conveying, Elevating.
Solid-woven Endless Belts for all Short-Centre Drives.
Asbestos Yarns, Cloths, Tapes and Lagging, Packings and Jointings.

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Brake and Clutch Linings for Cars, Vehicles, Aircraft and all types of machinery.

Where quality can ensure efficiency, safety and reliability you may expect to find



**BRITISH BELTING
& ASBESTOS LTD.**

Cleckheaton · Yorkshire

FROM THE TRAIL
TO KLONDYKE

**"As good
in the pipe
today as 45
years ago"**

"Dear Sirs,
"You may be interested to hear that the enclosed stamp is off one of your 1-lb. tins of 'Craven Mixture' and that the tobacco is as good in the pipe to-day as it would have been over 45 years ago when it was packed."

"I am in * * * on a government War Project. The small store has some left over merchandise of Klondyke Gold Rush days . . . tins of your tobacco being included in this old stock."

"It is interesting to note that the date on the stamp and on J. M. Barrie's letter is the same, i.e., 1897."

[The original of this letter can be seen at Arcadia Works]

**Packed
LONDON
1897
Opened
KLONDYKE
1943**

**CRAVEN
MIXTURE**
The World's most travelled
TOBACCO

The excise stamp dated 1897
—Queen Victoria's Diamond
Jubilee, the year before the
Great Klondyke Gold Rush

★ Craven Mixture is the "Arcadia Mixture" in "My Lady Nicotine" immortalised by Sir J. M. Barrie as "A tobacco to live for." Double Broad Cut, Fine Cut, Extra Mild, 2/10d. ounce.

Carreras Ltd. (Established 1788)
Arcadia Works, London

C.M.96

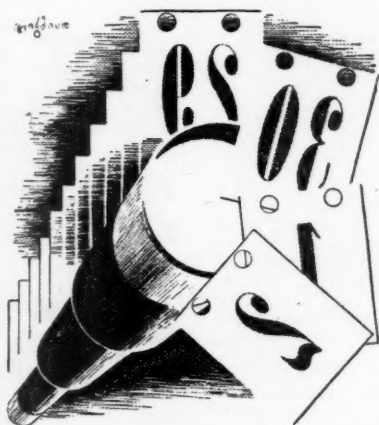


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The march of Science, its tempo quickened by the needs of war, goes inexorably on . . . making some things obsolete and foreshadowing new developments in the utilisation of electricity. The House of Philips, as always during its fifty years of progress, is ever looking ahead to the needs of tomorrow.

PHILIPS



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 MAGNETIC DEVICES • SOUND AMPLIFYING INSTALLATIONS

PHILIPS LAMPS LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON. W.C.2. (124D)

"Rest-therapy" — a successful treatment for INDIGESTION



REST is the finest remedy for strain. And Indigestion is a severely strained condition of the digestion. Give your digestion a course of rest and you provide the right conditions for it to recover its natural powers. So, follow this simple rule. Never eat a full meal when you are tired or worried or feel digestive discomfort. Instead, drink a cup of Benger's. Benger's soothes the stomach and gives your digestion a chance to recuperate and build up its strength. Yet it provides warmth and nourishment which you must have in a form you can fully absorb without the least discomfort or strain on your digestion.

Why Benger's is so good for you.

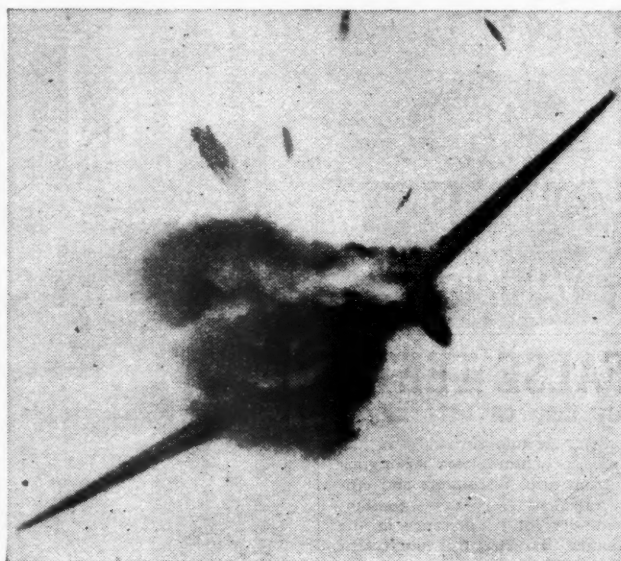
Benger's is rich nourishment in a form which requires very little effort on the part of the digestive organs. It contains active enzymes which partially predigest milk so that you absorb the full value of this valuable food whilst giving your digestion the rest it needs.

Benger's, to-day, is as easy to make as a cup of cocoa. From all Chemists and high class Grocers — The Original Plain Benger's, Malt Flavoured or Cocoa and Malt Flavoured.



Household Milk
 Powder and Tinned
 Evaporated
 Milk both make
 delicious Benger's.
 Try it!

Benger's Ltd., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire.



Destruction of a Heinkel III photographed from the attacking Spitfire by camera-gun. Such records are a small part of photography's great contribution to the War effort. Photography is mobilized for war, so don't blame your dealer if he says "Sold out of Selo!" Claims of the Services, Industry and Science come first. After victory, Selo films will be plentiful again, faster and better than ever. Till then our chief task must be SERVICING THE WAR.



FILMS made by ILFORD LIMITED

the largest British Manufacturers
 of Photographic and X-ray Materials



The Jam

"AS I am," I said casually, "going to do the jam to-day, you must make your own plans."

No sooner were they spoken than I regretted the words. But it was too late. There is no playing fast and loose with a thing like the jam. It is no theme for levity. That it was the elected time brooked no argument.

"All right," they said. "We won't count on you."

Obviously they, as I, had conjured up a vision of flustered peace-time cooks, of a ritual marked for days beforehand by the order of no guests to luncheon, and entailing cold meals and no toast for days afterwards, until the festival of the jam had passed.

I began wondering, as they made their plans, how in point of fact one did make jam, and whether I had better not furbish up an excuse of the fruit being unripe or the gas turned off. Anyway if it was a failure I would hide it somewhere, and they'd only be impressed if I said that jam had to be put away in the dark and not looked at for a month, like bulbs, by which time they'd have forgotten.

As soon as they had gone I rounded up the cookery books and settled down to instruction from the giants. Boulestin and Simon lay beside me, Mrs. Beeton substantially propped my elbow; war-time pamphlets extolling egg-sugar-meat-flour- and butter-less delicacies, cuttings of Esquimo recipes from the papers, little elegant booklets by duchesses on vegetarian triumphs, and on good plain English dishes by north country housewives, musty old volumes concerned with potpourri and sillabub, with rum punch and *pomade divine*, covered floor and table. I opened the first book at hand, and pressing it down at the page headed Jam, prepared for the worst. I took up another; and another; soon I had them all opened at "J." I fetched the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. For would you believe it, *the whole thing is perfectly easy*. It is all my eye. And to think that for years I'd been in the power of a cook who "could make jam." With what awe I had examined her handiwork, the days out I had given her, the wirelesses I had bought her.

Let me explain at once that all you do, all that the most complicated Ministerial pamphlet can offer by way of advice, is to put masses of gooseberries or something into a pan with water and sugar, and boil madly until it is jam. That's all.

I spent a dazzling afternoon.

It is a fine act of abandon to tip one's sugar ration for the year into a seething cauldron of hot fruit, delicious to stir the bubbling witches'-brew. And the crowning moment comes when you pour a stream of sweet sticky gooseberry lava molten into jars, and hey presto! There are pounds and pounds of jam looking just like the real jam you buy in shops.

But by the time they came back I had got over the flush of triumph. "Yes," I answered wearily, "it's finished, but of course dinner here to-night will be impossible."

They never hesitated. It went without saying. After my ordeal and achievement I must be taken out and given a slap-up dinner.

I concurred. It is only loyal to guard professional secrets.

Kultur

(German civilization, says Goebbels, is being destroyed.)

WHEN earth is rocked beneath your feet
And all the skies are red with flame
And the roof tumbles in the street,
Doctor, we don't dispute your claim.

You lit the lamp of wisdom first
In Europe darker than the dead.
The panoplied Minerva burst
In raging fire from Hitler's head.

And none acknowledge more the skill
And none the splendour and the weight
Of German arts and German will
Than we who are illuminate.

We were too proud to let you bear
The light of learning all alone
And not in course of time prepare
Some native answer of our own.

We took the shining gift you gave
And spread through unenlightened lands,
And long and hard we tried to save
And give it back—and now we have
Returned it to your hands.

EVOE.

Any Use for the Second Front?

To the Under-Secretary of State For War

SIR,—Some time ago I read in the paper that any information about the Continent picked up on holidays before the war would be most useful. It said, I remember, that items that appeared trivial to me might well be of the utmost importance to the Planning Staff.

Well, sir, I don't know whether you have considered Ostend, Calais or Le Havre as possible starting-off places for a Second Front, but I have made opposed landings at all three in the past and my experiences may perhaps be of interest.

OSTEND

Any attempt to get ashore here is bound to be costly, on account of the porters. These men, tough, cunning and trained to a hair, can be overcome only by the most determined and sustained assault. Their tactics are invariable. Immediately the gangways are in position they rush the decks and by sheer weight of numbers, backed by a ferocity of expression and a brutality of conduct beyond description, pen the shaken passengers into the hindmost parts of the ship. Huddled closely together, without space to strike a blow or opportunity to devise concerted action, the latter are forced to look on passively while the porters seize their equipment and convey it to previously prepared positions ashore. Once the enemy have gained this initial advantage, there is nothing for it but unconditional surrender; and the terms imposed have always, in my recollection, been extremely severe.

It may be that the defences of this port have been strengthened since the outbreak of war; that is the business of our Intelligence Branch to discover. I will content myself with saying that if they are no weaker than they were in 1936 a frontal assault is out of the question. We should lose all our equipment.

CALAIS

This port is quite close to the coast of Kent, and indeed is visible at low water, so that its main features are no doubt well known to the Chiefs of Staff. There are jetties at which ships may tie up and so on, and adequate facilities for landing are, or used to be, provided. I have an idea that ships coming in make a sort of right-handed sweep before berthing—there may be an obstruction out there in the harbour that the landsman can't see; but this point will need checking. I may be thinking of Yarmouth, I.O.W., which of course is already in our hands.

One thing occurs to me. They are so used to English people coming ashore at Calais that I don't think any objection could possibly be raised locally, provided tipping was on a sufficiently generous scale. It might be advisable, in view of this last point, to send the Americans in with the first wave, followed perhaps by Generals Giraud and de Gaulle in conference to give the old peace-time touch of animation to the scene.

What about sending a Thos. Cook man on ahead as a blind?

LE HAVRE

Reading over what I have written I see that I am wandering from my terms of reference, which were to supply information rather than advice. No doubt the Planning Staff are competent to think out the details of these operations without assistance from me. I will stick to facts about Le Havre.

The worst possible time to land at this undistinguished place is the early morning. There is nobody about and the only means of getting anywhere, unless the local authorities have hotted up their ideas a lot since 1928, is a most unreliable old tram. This antiquated contraption has a tendency to run off the rails every two hundred yards or so, and is moreover so noisy that its use would completely ruin the element of surprise.

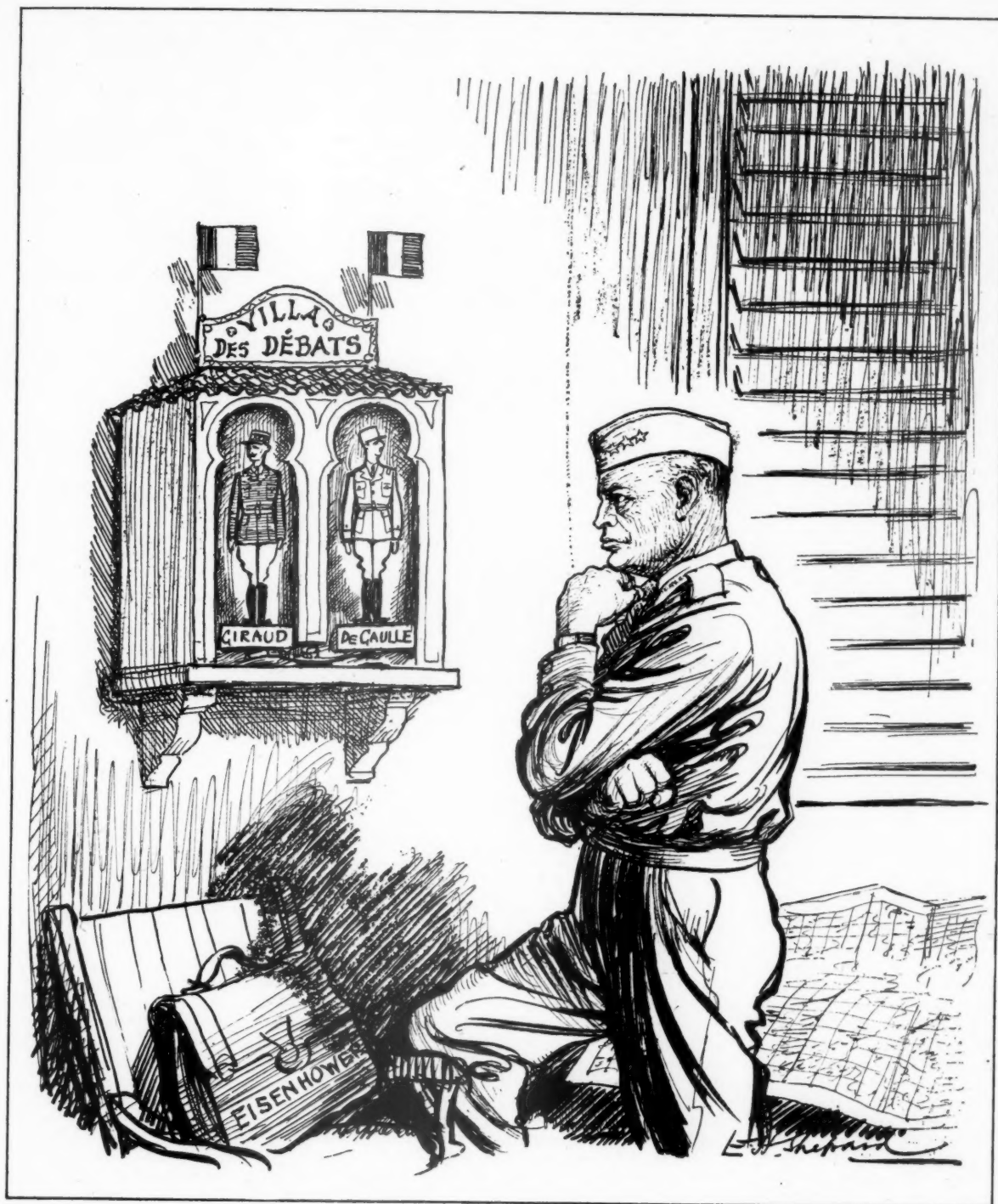
I am afraid I wasn't very well when I landed at Le Havre, or I could give you a clearer picture of the place. But I do remember enough to know that it is a poor place to choose as a bridgehead; there would be practically no incentive to hold on to it, if you know what I mean.

Le Touquet now—but there, I mustn't run on. Perhaps you will let me know if you are interested in the interior of Germany—for planning the later stages of the campaign, you know. I have been to Cologne, or Köln as they call it, Coblenz—walked up to the old Ehrenbreitstein there, quite a stiffish climb, but what a view when you've done it! Heidelberg, Munich and Berchtesgaden. They pointed Hitler's house out to me across the valley, but I'm not absolutely certain to this day which one it was. I kept indicating house after house with my stick and saying "Über der?" to make quite sure, but every time I did that they said "Nein" and pointed in the same direction with their sticks, which leaves one rather at a loss in a foreign country. However, I know whereabouts it is to within, say, 8,000-pounder limits, which is all that is necessary, I dare say.

I am looking out a snap I had taken of myself standing at the entrance to the famous Salt Mines at Berchtesgaden. I am wearing the typical leather apron and hard round hat of the salt-miner (the apron is worn behind, you know, for sufficient reasons), and you might get something out of it, if only a laugh. I wish I could send you a photograph I took of the Hofbrauhaus in Munich (Hitler's meeting-place, you remember?), but unfortunately the light got in and all you can see is a great patch of white with dark round the edges—rather like Dortmund from the air.

However, I will wait to hear from you.

H. F. E.



STILL UNSETTLED



"I say—WHAT a persuasive man."

Conference

THERE are soft chairs, blotting-pads and even a table-cloth, just like the Hall of Mirrors, so you can tell it is going to be a lovely conference. There are no ink-wells. Mrs. Sturgis says this probably means that we shall be asked to sign the treaty or whatever it is in our own blood.

Nearly all the old hands are here. This will be an awful smack in the eye for Smoky, who is trying to run one at the very same time on Non-Ferrous Chandeliers. Perhaps it will teach the Ministry of Inventions that it does not pay not to serve tea.

The War Office seem to have sent only seven. Some of us think that this indicates that they do not attach importance to it, but Mrs. Sturgis says No, they are playing a deep game and probably have plain-clothes people dotted about.

Even the Ministry of Pensions have sent a man. Miss Pinkerton, who likes to get one in at Mrs. Sturgis occasionally, says that this is the true explanation of the ink-wells. They are very difficult to replace.

We point out that one of the War Office people is only a major. This seems pretty well to confirm that they are taking it quite lightheartedly, but Mrs. Sturgis says that she has seen even captains at conferences, sitting down like the rest. He is probably a sort of loader, sharpening the pencils for the others and so on.

An observer from the Treasury has arrived and that settles it. It will be the biggest thing since the one on Hat Brims. The Treasury fellow is being awfully decent and mixing with us as if he were an ordinary department. He is talking to one of the Ministry of

Works people and not frowning at all. A man from the Home Office is acting as interpreter.

The Chairman is terribly bucked. He has a word with us on his way to his seat and tips us off as to the part of the table where we will have the best chance of a second cup.

The Chairman, in his opening speech, says how grateful he is to us for coming along and making his conference such a success. He will not forget it when we are running conferences of our own. We can count on him at all times, because even if all his own staff are booked he can always call on plenty of technical people who, after a wash and brush-up, do just as well. He says that this matter of roller skates is regarded with grave concern by his department and he feels that the only thing to do is to ask all departments

to agree to a planned policy. He does not know what we think about it but he feels that we ought to hear the Treasury view first.

The major-general at once says "Agreed." The brigadiers and colonels all say "Agreed." The major says "Hear, hear," and all the other officers glower at him. You can tell that he will catch it pretty hot at the court-martial for branching out on a policy of his own like this.

The Treasury man says that in his view the problem is one which must be solved and if it is necessary to take any steps in order to solve it then we should consider what those steps should be. He reminds us of something that Ovid said. As it is in a foreign tongue he translates it for us. The head of the Board of Trade delegation, who is rather sucking up to him, asks him to repeat it so that he can take it down as it seems to him that it has the makings of a good S.R. & O. if he can think up a schedule or two to tack on to it.

The Ministry of Supply representative says that we may be interested in some figures he has got of United States production, but they are very secret. This is always a popular line at conferences, so we all cross our throats or lick our fingers and listen in awed silence. He even passes round photographs of what some of the factories will look like if they decide to build them. The factories for making the right-footed ones will be practically the same, only under a different administrator. He says that the Americans have been one-hundred-per-cent. co-operative and have offered to send photographs of many more factories if we think it desirable, so we can make the production figures practically what we like.

The major-general says that in view of what has been said he does not intend to press for acceptance of the War Office view at this stage. The major says "Agreed," but is apparently wrong again. It will be a long time before he is taken out on another treat.

Bumble, the Ministry of Production man, says that his department has evolved a three-wheeled skate. You cannot use it very well, but it means a huge saving of labour and materials and he hopes that all the Services will adopt it.

The Ministry of Supply chap says that he thinks that this will be all right from the production angle. It will mean chopping the factories about a bit, but it can probably be done in the touching-up and so will not involve new photographs.

The Admiralty representative says

that he considers the three-wheeled skate an excellent thing for the Army and Air Force. Owing to sea conditions the Admiralty has always used a five-wheeled skate and is now adopting a seven-wheeled pattern, so that some economy in wheels by the other Services is essential.

The Board of Trade man says How would it be, like, say all the departments had to have special token-vouchers issued to them for roller

SOCKS

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It may comfort you to know that my favourite pair of socks bears the cheery label of your Comforts Fund.

These socks were given to me in the beginning of the war and served through the Flanders campaign and more than twelve months of trapesing across deserts in the Middle East. The wool is matted and apparently quite hole-proof, in fact I feel that a testimonial parodying the old Pears Soap tramp advertisement is their just due—something on the lines of 'since then I have worn no other.'

Thank you, Mr. Punch."

(Signed) G. W. A., Capt.

In answer to a request for permission to publish the above we received the following:

"As the Duke of Wellington would say:—

'Publish and be blessed.'"

Donations will be most gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.

skates—something with a bit of purple in it is what he has in mind. Then they could send these to a special Clearing House and if they ever wanted any skates they would have to submit a release-form to the Board of Trade and the Board would then authorize the Clearing House to stamp the token-vouchers, like, or maybe tear a piece off, and send them back to the department to be sent on to the manufacturer. Then if the manufacturer lost them he could be prosecuted. This is only a rough idea, like, having only just come to him like a flash. There are lots of other things we could add if we put our heads

together. It might be almost as good as clothing-coupons. If we like he can fix it in a jiffy with a couple of S.R. & O.s and we can have all the conferences about it over at his place.

The Chairman says that if we have all finished our tea and are sure we have had all we want he will bring the conference to an end as he wants to be off. It has been one of the finest conferences he has ever had and it just shows what you can do if you get down to it.

Miss Pinkerton looks very tense and drawn. Mrs. Sturgis gets it out of her that she intends to nip across and try to get in at the tail-end of Non-Ferrous Chandeliers. She breaks down altogether and tells us that there was a time when she could go or stop away, but now the weaker part of her nature has got uppermost and she has lost all power of resistance. We must try to bring her to her senses at the one on Bath Salts to-morrow. A. M. C.

Tempora Mutantur

WHEN I was a bright young watchkeeper
Some twenty years ago
The Middle Watch in harbour
Always seemed a little slow.
So as I paced the lonely deck
Communing with the night
My thoughts would turn to you, my love,
For you were my delight.

In twenty years of married life
I've risen to that height
Where I no longer have to keep
The Middle Watch at night.
But you, my love, a Leading Wren,
Are bound as I am free.
I wonder; in the Middle Watch,
D'you ever think of me?

"SCOTS TOMATO FIGHT"

Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

A new item for the Highland Games?

"Setting his jaw, the President re-war planning are talking in glittering generalities that are unworthy of comment. What do they mean, he asked.

There was a noticeable chill in the press conference when the President struck this note."—U.S. Paper.

We can imagine.

Charivaria

THE recent General Election in Eire was the quietest on record. Grave doubts are expressed by many Irishmen as to whether this is quite legal.

A famous American radio comedian visiting this country when welcomed by British entertainers said he felt quite at home here. He should be—among all his own jokes.

"When peace comes we will not miss some of the things we have done without during the war," says a writer. Although it will be nice to have plenty of weather again.



"Manager required by commercial poultry firm operating large numbers of mammoth incubators . . ." reads an advertisement. Anything to do with the new whale steaks?

A vicar, writing in his Parish Magazine, says he has not found a trouser button in the collection for more than a year. Still, he can always use safety-pins.

Berlin radio recently complained of the very small space devoted in British newspapers to a statement regarding the manufacture of German munitions. Goebbels evidently didn't think of inserting the announcement at advertisement rates.

All's Fare in War

"In Northumberland they eat leek dumplings and Shakespeare, who came from Warwick, speaks of daisies pied."

Schoolgirl's Essay on "Food."

An Oriental fortune-teller was a feature of an Essex "Wings For Victory" fête. Clients were nervous until reassured that the mysterious seer was *not* the local bank manager heavily disguised in silken robes and a yashmak.

It is pointed out that a shortage of material may delay the work of repainting park seats when peace comes. Suit-cleaning firms must just be patient.

Impending Apology

"Bombing of St. John's From the Air Is Still Possible—Thanks to A.R.P. Wardens."—*Newfoundland Paper.*

Most high-ranking officers in the German army wear their hair closely cropped. An exception is the Fuehrer himself, who still favours the Veronica Lake coiffure.

We are told that there are vast reserves of water in this country. So it will probably never be necessary to dehydrate the beer.

Farmers report that the hay harvest was very good, although the clover did not come up to expectations. Then we must credit them with half a grumble.

Nowadays, we read, to become a cabaret star a girl should be efficient in practically everything. And practically nothing.

A scientist claims to have measured the millionth part of an inch. Apparently one of the French generals in North Africa has conceded this.

A regimental-sergeant-major was once a crooner in a dance band. There is an eerie hush on parade just before he takes the vocal.

"What has happened to the old-fashioned bathing-machine that was drawn into the sea by a horse?" asks a writer. Probably conveying race-goers from the station to the course.



Endurance

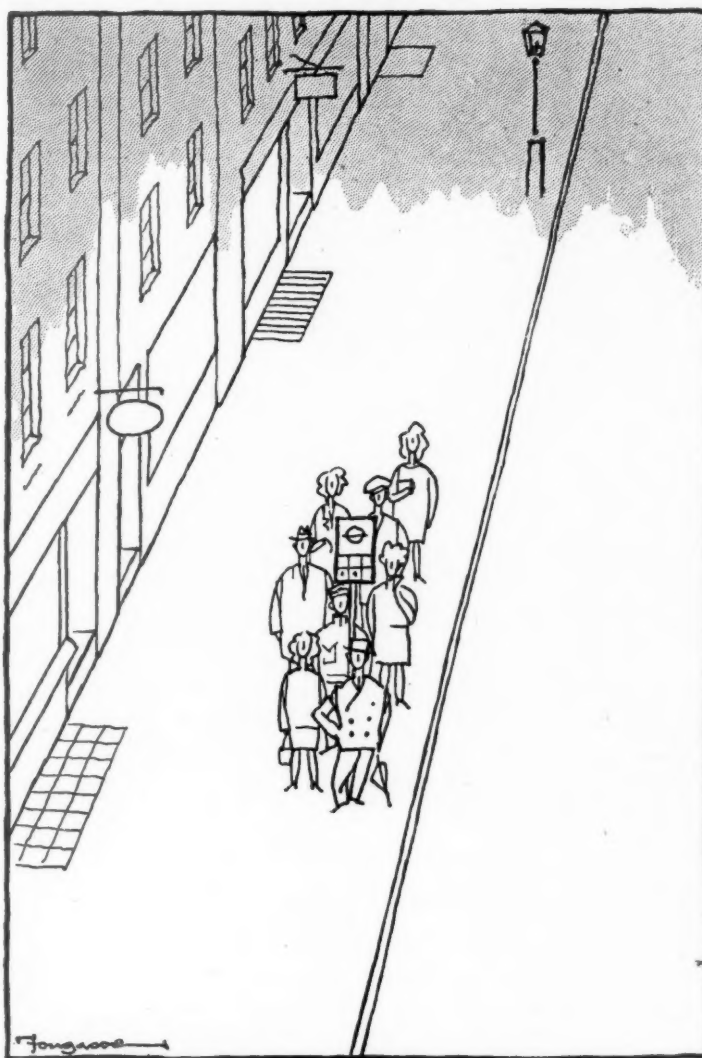
"AFTER all, dear, we all have our trials. The phrase appeals to me particularly, partly because I feel it's so true and partly because it's well known that it was used by an ancestor of mine, Peter Littlebug, at the Battle of Borodino. . . . What was he doing at the Battle of Borodino? Fighting, I suppose, dear. That's what one would expect him to be doing, naturally. So that if the subject of Radiant Heat treatment for rheumatism is of any interest to you, much as I dislike talking about myself, I shall be delighted to tell you about it. Stay where you are, dear, and don't let pussy be a nuisance. She loves sharpening her claws like that, and your skirt is quite a thick one. Besides, she'll settle down after a few minutes.

Well, I went to this hospital, asked for this Radiant Heat department, and if it took me five minutes to find it it took a good quarter of an hour. Walk, walk, walk. But I must say that when I did get there at last they seemed to be expecting me and were very civil and pleasant.

The whole thing reminded me very much of a mediæval torture-chamber, if you want to know. Although I'm not an expert, I've always taken a great interest in history, and I've read up various periods and one thing and another, and the first thing—the very first—that came into my mind was the Inquisition.

I simply reminded myself of the line from which I spring, and said perfectly quietly: 'Now, is this really going to do my knee any good or not?' Of course they said, Yes, but as I pointed out to them at once, they'd have said that in any case. It meant, as I told them, exactly nothing. Well, they tried to argue, but I immediately explained that *I never argue*. Take it or leave it, I said. So they asked me to get into this cage—for it was neither more nor less—and said they'd be turning on the heat. I couldn't help making a reference to Dante's *Inferno*, of which my dear father possessed a most excellent English translation with all the very *foreign* bits, if you know what I mean, cut out. I don't think they followed me in the least, but on the whole I was relieved, as I preferred them to keep their minds on what they were doing.

Believe it or not, dear, I was left practically in darkness, with no light except a lamp—but most unlike Florence Nightingale, as I couldn't help saying to myself ironically. And



Every evening's insoluble problem: How to discover if the last bus has gone, without waiting to see.

the nurse kept telling me to call her if it got too hot, and then whisked away before I could ask her name, so that I should simply have had to call 'Nurse!' and nothing else. Like *Romeo and Juliet*.

However, it happened that my imagination set to work. What, I thought, shall I do if an air-raid takes place, and the hospital is hit and no one remembers to switch off this Radiant Heat and here I am, like the Man in the Iron Mask? I decided to keep my head, and worked out a thoroughly careful scheme. My idea

was to crawl out on all-fours, touching nothing, because one never knows with electricity, and simply appear in their midst.

And so in some extraordinary way the time passed quite quickly and pleasantly and I could hardly believe it when they reappeared and said it was over.

I'm not perfectly certain that they remembered to switch on anything at all, because I certainly felt nothing, but—whether by coincidence or not—my rheumatic knee is definitely improving."

E. M. D.



"And another thing—if someone asks for a cup of tea, a razor-blade and a packet of envelopes, don't start worrying your head trying to find some logical connection between them."

Printing

PRINTING has been called the most beneficial of all inventions. People who start like this go on to cite Caxton as its inventor, slurring over a suspicion that someone else really got in first, and fetch up against the undeniable truth that without printing nothing would be printed, and look at all the books and newspapers in the world to-day. My readers will have heard all that before, so I propose now to take some of the less publicized aspects of printing, beginning with telephone directories.

Telephone directories, indeed, are almost as beneficial an invention as printing itself, because they give the public a chance to see its own name in print; and to see our own name in print is—like looking at our own photograph—one of the major minor pleasures of life. Even non-subscribers can get an almost equal pleasure, blended with a perfectly natural indignation, from finding that someone else is using their surname and one of their initials. To go back to the actual printing, the figure three in a telephone directory is flat-topped to distinguish it from an eight in a bad light, but this does not make an eight look any less like a round-topped three. Every now and then an entry is printed in big black type which never fails to reflect credit on those looking it up; and, such is the Post Office's benevolence, certain surnames are chosen as worth featuring in capitals at the top of each page.

Anyone so singled out feels almost indecently honoured but, on second thoughts, equal to it.

Now for newspapers. Newspaper headlines are printed, as everyone knows, in very big black type indeed, and the interesting point about this is that anyone not noticing a front-page headline immediately is apt to overlook it altogether, thinking it must be part of the name of the newspaper. The public has never liked to complain, but there it is. Nor has the public liked to mention that it is worried by a newspaper article going into small print half-way through, even if it means that the public has to drop its mental voice accordingly when reading it. The public knows that it is very difficult to print a newspaper. It knows that it is even more difficult to print a magazine, because everything is always continued somewhere else. Psychologists more or less agree that this is done deliberately to keep the tension up; only a few holding out with the theory that it is to make one magazine last such of its public as only read it at the hairdresser's. As for books, there used to be a rule that the closer the print the more classical the book—that is, the public would have made up its mind beforehand whether it would or would not read it; but the war has changed all that, and the public can glean little idea of a war-time book's character simply by looking over someone else's shoulder. There is still a fairly definite rule, though, that a long title on a thin book runs either from north to south or from south to north, but that some such titles run the opposite way, either from south to north or from north to south, and the public can be conveniently graded into those who arrange such books to get the titles the right way up and those who arrange such titles to get the books the right way up; each side differing psychologically from the other, though psychologists have no idea in what respect.

The printing on bottle-labels, jar-labels and so on is interesting for its hold on the human mind. A bottle-label is apt to be printed sideways where the bottle turns a corner, which makes it all the more exciting, even if it has the same words on both sides. Generally speaking, the more print squashed into these labels the better satisfied the public, a fact which label-printers will do well to remember when the war is over and they can let themselves go again. There are also two rules which no amount of modernism should have any effect on: labels printed for the kind of brilliantine made up by individual chemists ought to have sort of thorns sprouting from the headlines, and labels to do with anything to eat ought to have a picture somewhere.

Although you could hardly call it printing because Caxton did not invent it, I want now to say something about lettering on shop-fronts. This is not done mechanically like ordinary printing, but by men on a plank balanced on two ladders, and is more interesting than any other print because sometimes people have a chance of seeing half the letters being hoisted into place and half still on the ground, so that there is still hope that the men may get a letter wrong; though not much, because men fixing lettering on a shop-front are invested by the lay public with an almost literary aura, to which is added an artistic aura when they start on the painting. The public also likes to watch anyone sticking up a poster. Large posters are printed in small pieces, and it is left to the poster-sticker to get them together again. Poster-stickers make things more difficult than they need by putting the paste on the wrong, or outer, side of the poster, but even so they never fail to strike a chord of sympathy in their public.

A few general facts about print and people. People are not yet as good at reading print upside-down as they should be by now, but will get better as newspapers get scarcer. People who can read whole livestock-sales announcements

across the width of a railway line are in great demand at railway stations. Finally, people have a great respect for print; but it has been argued that print would not be where it is if each line did not end exactly under where the line before it ends.

H. J. Talking

WHEN talking with the old I am particularly struck by the comparative absence of riots in these days, though it may be that now they don't count as news. One aged man, a professional cheer-leader to a bowls club by trade, told me that in his young days the barricades were so frequently up in Oxford Street that an enterprising stores had some prefabricated ones which they hired to insurgents. According to him the most usual cause of riots was change in the uniforms of the police, these occurring with bewildering frequency. The authorities tried every possible design in their efforts to please the mob, but nothing satisfied them. Mortar-boards and gowns, glengarries and plaids, skullcaps and tights—nothing seemed to satisfy the populace. The experiment was made of having all the police in plain clothes, but a parsimonious Treasury produced a standard pepper-and-salt mixture to which the reaction was so violent that to divert attention the Ministry plunged into the Crimean War. The present blue suit and helmet, however, so fickle is the public, found immediate favour owing to a cunning rumour that it had been designed by Mrs. Henry Wood, then at the height of her popularity. Indeed, so well was it received that there were riots in favour of extending it to the Marines, though the amelioration of public manners was evident in the restriction of looting to the bargain basements of shops and the attics of private houses.

Another great change has been in drinking, which in the old days was always by the bottle but is now frequently by the cup. Teetotalers never boast of the number of bottles of coffee essence they can work through at a session. In the eighteenth century no one was ever sober except Dr. Johnson. In Victorian times a custom grew up of wearing a velvet jacket and drinking brandy-and-soda, cigars being smoked between the sips. Roués would pierce an unlighted cigar and use it as a straw, thus getting the flavour of alcohol and nicotine together. This was known as "B and S," they spelling cigar differently in those days. Readers of Dickens will remember that strong drink was hotter then than it is now. Saucers were often served with glasses for those in a hurry, this custom remaining longer in France than in England.

Of all entertainments home-made cinemas are what depress me most. Some friends of ours, the Nookies, as they like to be called, after their house, are always inviting us round to see films of them; these are cumulative, the eldest child being now a ten-reeler. The only activity indulged in by this family is eating, so that you see the boys working their way up from bottles to lobster-salad. Once they took their apparatus to the Riviera, and their pictures of the family eating bouillabaisse are revolting in the extreme. Fortunately they are not yet wired for sound. During the showing they play records, but as they dislike music this restricts their choice to cross-talk comedians and political speeches. The Nookies made their money by a patent water-extinguisher. When you had a burst pipe you fired the charge at it and the water was frozen solid; this caused trouble in the long run, but it did get things temporarily under control.

The senior Nookie, Nautilus, is eminent in local politics and chairman of the Allotments and Fine Arts Committee of the Council. There are several allotments, but the Fine Arts number only two, an expurgated copy of a Rubens' Venus and a head of Nero in asbestos. He is also life governor of the Veterinary Hospital, which, in his ostentatious generosity, he has somewhat over-endowed. The wards devoted to reptiles and the occupational therapy block are seldom used, while for years the only patient to the psychological department has been a talking horse which suffers from aphasia. Every year he sponsors a competition for tossing the caber, he having read of this in the papers. Unfortunately neither he nor the cottagers to whom the competition is open know exactly what a caber is, they therefore tossing whatever comes easiest to them, the distance being multiplied by the weight to make it fair.

B. Smith dislikes this man intensely, having once had words with him when they were partners in a three-legged race, because he insisted that competitors were supposed to hop, while B. Smith held the view that running was what the occasion really required. Nautilus treats this dislike with great contempt and at intervals sends postcards to B. Smith which say "Pshaw," neatly underlined in red ink. B. Smith usually provokes these by squirting anti-greenfly preparations through the Nookies' French windows when the family are at breakfast. He is also given to engraving embarrassing notices on brass plates and affixing them to the front door of the Nook during hours of darkness, e.g., "All night money-lender"; "Auditions for child impersonators"; "O.H.M.S. Complaints re Government received here."



"If we'd fixed the target a little higher we could have bought a Lancaster AND some new chairs for the Council Chamber."



"... and HERE comes a lovely bit for muted strings."

Ballade of Catastrophic Humiliation

NOW know I that the poet sang aright
 How glory passes and the laurels fade.
 I sinned no sin to bring me to this plight,
 No duty broke, no major disobeyed;
 A change of scene my fortunes hath betrayed,
 The tape was red that sanctioned my decline.
 Farewell, proud rank, majestic though unpaid!
 I flaunt no more that handsome stripe of mine.

Where were ye, Muses, when the powers of night
 Conspired your faithful bondman to degrade?
 Methought Apollo's self would speed his flight
 In flaming godhead to my instant aid,
 Would dash to earth the scissor's impious blade
 And grandly cry, "He turns a peerless line;
 Ye shall not strip him." But my fancy strayed:
 I flaunt no more that handsome stripe of mine.

Yet in some niche, secure from vulgar sight,
 Balmed in sweet blanco shall my love be
 laid,
 And I will draw him forth, and clasp him
 tight,
 And speak of hope and courage undismayed:
 How Fortune ever was a flighty jade
 And once again his splendours yet may shine—
 Threefold, who knows? . . . Meanwhile, I am
 afraid,
 I flaunt no more that handsome stripe of mine.

ENVOI

Prince, I would else most willingly have stayed
 To meet this general you have asked to dine;
 But I am needed on fatigue parade.
 I flaunt no more that handsome stripe of mine.



THE BIRDS COME HOME TO ROOST.

"I cannot do justice to this Satanic frightfulness."

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, June 29th.—House of Commons: A Major Event.

Wednesday, June 30th.—House of Commons: 'Arping on ARP

Thursday, July 1st.—House of Commons: Mr. Eden to the Rescue.

Tuesday, June 29th.—One man in his time (particularly if he is a politician) plays many parts, and Major ARTHUR HENDERSON, Financial Secretary to the War Office, has already played—to use a seemingly inevitable modern term—his quota.

But to-day—his chief, Sir JAMES GRIGG, being otherwise engaged in "furrin climes"—he played a part that few Ministers have been called on to play. He had a Question-time almost to himself. The moment it started he was in action, because he had to answer Question No. 1. And then he was continuously in action for the better part of the question-hour, answering a wide variety of queries. Even more remarkable, he seemed to satisfy most of his inquisitors, for there are few Ministers with a more persuasive manner, a more helpful Parliamentary "style."

It was, in a sense, a repeat performance, for the previous week he had answered more than half the questions on the Paper. To-day everybody joined merrily in the game of "Hunt the fsw." And, truth to tell, the Ministerial Reynard seemed to enjoy it as much as anybody.

Mr. ALFRED EDWARDES, complaining that members of the A.T.S. had to drink beer because there was no water to be got at Service canteens, wanted water (or other soft drinks) supplied. Solemnly turning up his notes, Major HENDERSON replied that he would ensure the water supply and personally look into any specific complaints that it was defective.

"But," asked Captain DUGDALE innocently, "is not beer a soft drink?"

"Don't know," replied the Major.

Miss ELEANOR RATHBONE leapt up with the observation that when she asked a question on the N.A.A.F.I.'s shortage of water—mineral and other—recently, the supply was put right immediately. At which Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHBY wistfully inquired: "Why don't you ask a question about beer?"

Major HENDERSON made the somewhat surprising revelation that, whereas 65,497 German prisoners of war were employed here in the last war, it was not proposed to give work to

German prisoners in the present conflict.

Commander LOCKER-LAMPSON was cheered as he inquired whether it was not fit that vandals who despoiled the country should help in restoring it. However, the Minister explained that security considerations made it preferable not to use Germans. Perhaps their talent for destruction is not easily put into reverse.

The War Office, he added drily, preferred to use Italians, of whom there was a plentiful supply.

The Home Guard, the Voluntary



TO ATHENE:
PATRONESS OF THE FINE ARTS

Lord Portal, Minister of Works

Aid Detachments, the A.T.S., British prisoners of war, tanks, came in for mention by the all-wise one-man Brains Trust, and the House gave him a little cheer to himself when finally he sat down.

Mr. HUGH DALTON, President of the Board of Trade, got a look-in long enough to announce that a committee, with Mr. Justice COHEN as chairman, is to inquire into the working of the Companies Acts. There are to be thirteen members of the committee, which the House clearly hoped would be an unlucky number for those who manipulate the voluminous company laws to their own advantage and somebody else's corresponding disadvantage.

Mr. REGINALD PURBRICK sits for the Walton division of Liverpool, but his bright ideas range over the entire

world—and beyond. Not so long ago, he (in common with the Sunday Press) was advocating the hurling of bombs down the crater of Vesuvius, the hope being that this would provide some "fireworks" for the local inhabitants that would make even an R.A.F. blitz look like a safety-match in bright sunlight.

To-day he had thought up a better one, which he proudly presented to the House. Why not, he asked hopefully, promote bigger and better "seismic disturbances, volcanic eruptions, etc."

Members loved the "etc." It was that little more that might mean so much.

But, alas! the unimaginative Government did not think it a good idea. Captain GODFREY NICHOLSON, playing for safety, asked that Members should be given adequate notice if it were proposed to promote earthquakes in their constituencies; but since the Prime Minister (who alone has the right to ask for a Parliamentary dissolution—"etc.") was not present, no promise was forthcoming.

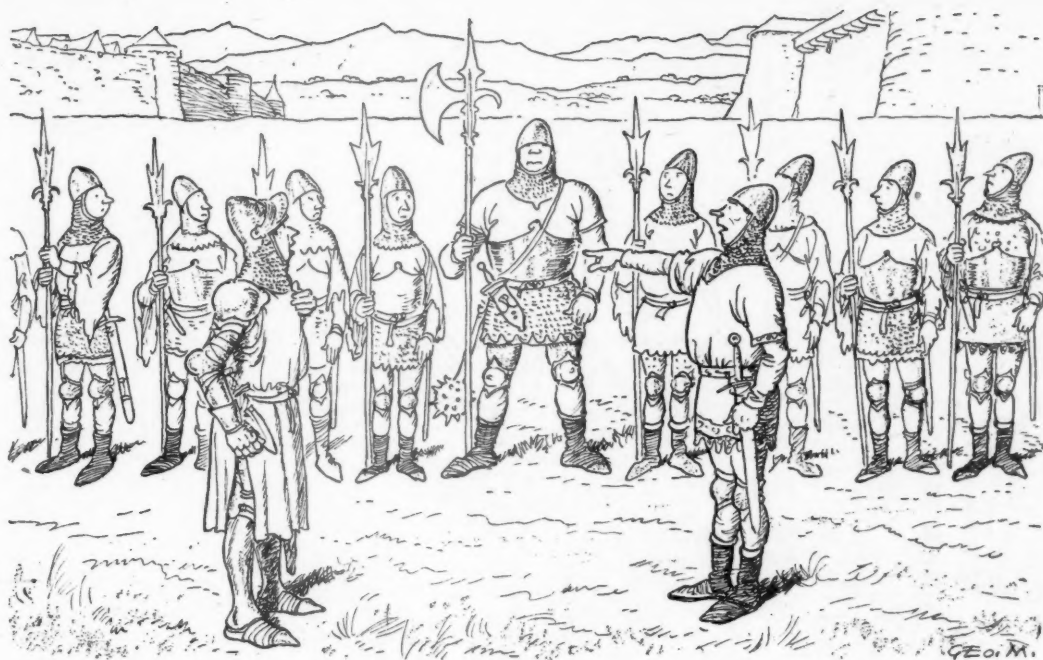
Etymological note: Captain GLENVIL HALL asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer to define the phrase "A short interval." Was it three months, or three years? But Sir KINGSLEY WOOD shyly said he would not like to define it, so, after a short interval, Captain HALL let the matter drop.

What seemed to your scribe a considerable interval was then devoted to the Committee and Report stages of the Finance Bill, in the course of which Sir KINGSLEY announced a second blow to the shady company-promoter and tax-dodger. The law for the collection of Excess Profits Duty is to be tightened up. The announcement seemed to give general satisfaction.

Their Lordships heard a powerful plea from Lord WIMBORNE for due regard to aesthetic questions when the time comes for the rebuilding of that which the Hun hath broken. He did not want London to be a sham Paris, with boulevards and such, but a genuine London, with things pretty much as they were before.

The debate was notable for a maiden and a "near-maiden" speech—the former from Lord CRAWFORD, who is now Chairman of the Fine Arts Commission, and the latter from Lord LEE OF FAREHAM, who, having held many high offices, has been silent in the Gilded Chamber for twenty years. Both speeches amply justified the breach of silence.

Wednesday, June 30th.—Major ARTHUR HENDERSON, entering just one corner of the limelight, at least



"We use him, Sir, for softening-up purposes."

temporarily satisfied a House of Commons perturbed over the recent case in which two warrant officers were sent to prison for the manslaughter of a detainee in an Army detention camp. He said an inquiry was now going on into the whole matter, and that a statement would be made in due course, covering all relevant considerations.

Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, pressed for a statement that Rome would not be bombed if it were declared an open city, showed unusual sales-resistance, and repeated Mr. CHURCHILL's declaration that Rome would be bombed if the course of the war made that action "convenient and helpful"—to the United Nations. Pressed to take the action suggested, so as to make clear MUSSOLINI's responsibility for the consequences of refusal, Mr. EDEN retorted that responsibility was already clear enough, since nobody had invited Il Duce to send his bombers to bomb London or to attack France. A simple and speedy way to ensure the safety of Rome would be for Messrs. MUSSOLINI and Company to accept the terms of United Nations, Unlimited, which were: "Unconditional Surrender."

Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, of the Ministry of Home Security, then

delivered what was aptly described as a "tour de Fire Force" on the subject of A.R.P. and all that. She paid tribute to those who are doing their bit as fireguards, A.R.P. workers, firemen—and firewomen—and all the other bodies that ensure the rest of us quiet sleep these days. And she spoke words of discomfort to those who have so far succeeded in dodging their duty to the nation by avoiding firewatching and other part-time service. In due time, said ELLEN, in her most stern voice, all that would be put right, virtue would be rewarded, sin punished, as in the best circles and novels.

There was a debate that ranged far and wide, and which frequently tended to go far and wide of the point. However, at the end Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, the Home Secretary, wound up with a speech that almost miraculously contrived to answer the thousand-and-one (or it may have been two) points that were raised. Even more miraculously, he seemed to satisfy all the raisers.

He started his speech in a fairly empty House, but, as the speech went on, Members crowded in, and when he finished quite forty-two must have been present. It was the absentees' loss, for

it was a good speech, as all the Home Secretary's speeches are.

Thursday, July 1st.—Mr. EDEN, as Leader of the Commons, gracefully rescued his colleague Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, Minister of Pensions, from trouble to-day. Sir WALTER was having a bad time with his Pensions Appeal Tribunals Bill, when Mr. EDEN, arriving (so to speak) in the "fast car" beloved of the crime reporters, took over.

He promptly moved the adjournment of the debate, promising reconsideration of the demands made by the House. This attitude of respect for the faithful Commons was heartily applauded, and everybody cheered, with Sir WALTER's cheers not too heavily o'ertopping the rest.

○ ○

"Locum Wanted, very beautiful country practice all August or half August half September."—*Advt. in "The Lancet."*
Is somebody flattering himself?

○ ○

"REQUIRES NO EGGS
LESS SUGAR."—*Food Advt.*

Clear profit, eh?



"Never mind, Sir. But if you SHOULD find your ticket, remember to drop it in the little box as you leave the bus."

Rough Justice

AS I handed my return half to the London Passenger Transport Board's representative, who accepted it with a faint air of disgust, I saw that my fears had been realized. The Metropolitan Station, airy, new, uncluttered, was empty of bicycles; quite empty. Especially of mine.

I made my way to the polished half-door of "Left Luggage." After a time the man came to me and favoured me with an inviting stare. I had thought out what I had to say. I would be as concise and as comprehensive as possible. I would lay my cards on the table.

"This morning," I said, after I had disarmed the man with one of my smiles, "I had to leave here on the seven-thirty train to keep an important appointment in London. I cycled to

the station, intending upon arrival to leave my bicycle, as I have often done in the past, in your nice cycle-shed round the corner."

"That would be sevenpence," said the man.

"Yes, I know. That was my intention, as I was saying—"

"Suppose you lost the ticket?" said the man.

"Oh, no," I said—"that's just it; I didn't get a ticket."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, when I got to the cycle-shed—"

"We always issues tickets. Sevenpence. Not allowed to accept custody of bicycles without we issues a ticket. Always."

"Listen," I said—"when I got to—"

"I am listening," said the man, and stepped back a couple of paces to glance at a clock.

"When I got to the cycle-shed I saw you had your board out saying 'Cycle-shed full.' So I—"

"Just a minute," said the man, scenting trouble—"just a minute. We don't 'ave any need to give passengers accommodation for their bicycles, you know. It's an amenity, that's all. Just an amenity. I don't know, I'm sure—some folk seem to think we 'ave to accommodate their bicycles by law or something. If we didn't 'ave any bicycle-shed, then folk would 'ave to find some other place, wouldn't they?"

"Yes, I quite appreciate that, though it's not quite what I was getting at. This morning, you see—"

"But you understand our position, though. Bicycles are nothing but a trouble to us. We got plenty to occupy ourselves with besides wheelin' bicycles in and out of that shed, believe me."

"I'm sure you have. I do understand, I assure you. But this morning, only having a minute or so left to catch my train, I left my bicycle at the end of the station, there—just by the entrance, on the left, outside the shop that used to be a sweet-shop. It seemed the only—"

"You did what?"

"Oh, it was locked up, of course. Padlock on the back wheel. But the point is this—"

"The point is, you didn't ever ought to 'ave left it at all. That's the point. We've enough trouble with them what'll go in the shed, let alone folk leaving 'em all over the station, padlocked up or not padlocked up."

"Well, anyway, I *had* to leave it. What else could I do? My train was due out—"

"I don't know anything about your train being due out. All I know is you committed an offence, leaving property littering up the premises of the Board."

"Well, I'm sorry. I didn't know that. The point is, it isn't there now."

I had stated my case at last; fairly concisely and comprehensively, I felt, despite the interruptions.

"Gone, eh?" said the man.

"Gone."

He opened the half-door and came out.

"Where d'you leave it, you say?"

I pointed out the very spot.

"Ha—past seven this morning, you say?"

I confirmed this.

"And now it's gone, eh?"

I again pointed out the spot. I felt that by pointing out the spot where the bicycle had been and by crediting the man with powers of observation not below the average I could leave him to deduce that it was no longer there. He gazed hard at the spot. I waited. At last I said, "I suppose you have no idea where it might possibly be?"

He made no reply, gave no sign that he had heard me, turned and re-entered the polished half-door of "Left Luggage," closed it behind him, leant on its miniature counter and surveyed me narrowly.

"You didn't ever ought to 'ave left it," he said—"not on the Board's premises."

I humbled myself. I said that I saw how wrong I had been in leaving it. But I also said, pleadingly, that the bicycle must surely be *somewhere*.

He shrugged. "There wasn't no bicycle there when I come on duty."

"But I *left* it there—locked up! Surely you—"

"See, I didn't come on till dinner-time," said the man. "No bicycle there then."

"Then you think it may have been stolen?"

I had a horrid vision of the thief wheeling my bicycle past the policeman outside, holding the locked back wheel in the air and exchanging a sheepish "Good morning" with the law, adding that he'd left his keys at home.

"It may be in 'Lost Property,'" said the man.

I asked where "Lost Property" was.

"After a time," replied the man, "we send everything up to Baker Street."

"After how long, though?"

"Baker Street, you see," explained the man, "is our main depository for Lost Property. All goes there. After a time."

Did I understand him to mean, I asked, that my bicycle had been taken up to Baker Street? My bicycle, that I had left for a mere few hours, properly locked up, quite out of the way in a corner, doing nobody any harm? I became insistent. Was my bicycle at Baker Street? If not, where was it?

"What kind," said the man—"what kind of a bicycle would it be?"

"That's really not the point," I said.

"Never mind what the point is. What kind of a bicycle was it?"

"It was rather an old bicycle." I had to give in. "Three-speed, gear-case, a saddle-cover—rather torn; dynamo lighting-set, saddle-bag and panniers, basket on the handle-bars—"

"Puncture in the back tyre?"

"No. At any rate, it hadn't this morning."

"Well—it has now," said the man. He opened the door and beckoned me in with a jerk of the head. "That is—if that's your bicycle."

I looked. He had been standing six feet away from it all the time. It was my bicycle. Just the same as ever. Except for the puncture in the back tyre.

"That's it," I said.

"Ah," said the man, and looked at me.

"Well?" I said.

"You realize you could be summonsed? Under the by-laws? Leaving that bicycle like that?"

"I'm very sorry for the trouble I've given you, really I am. It was my intention to put it in the cycle-shed."

"The cycle-shed," said the man, "is merely—"

"An amenity. I know. I quite understand. Could I take my bicycle, now, please?"

"What do you think that bicycle's worth?"

"Worth? Oh, I don't know. About a fiver, I suppose. Can I take it?"

The man had brought a pad of yellow forms, thick with tiny print.

"I shall 'ave to charge you lost property rates, you know. 'Alf-a-crown in the pound. Under the by-laws. Just sign a receipt for the bicycle."

Twelve-and-six. Should I protest? But what was a protest, against the by-laws? I signed. I paid the twelve-and-six. I asked for a receipt.

"The bicycle's the receipt," said the man, and opened the half-door.

The back wheel bumped over the wood blocks.

"If you'd put it in the cycle-shed," said the man, "it would only have been sevenpence."

"But the cycle-shed was full," I said, continuing to wheel my bicycle away.

"We don't 'ave to accommodate bicycles by law, you know," said the man, and his voice faded a little as he moved from the half-door to the ticket window. "Just put yourself in the position of not 'aving no cycle-shed to put your cycle in. It's only an amenity, you know—for the convenience of passengers. You didn't ever ought to 'ave—"

I stopped and turned. I had been planning ahead.

"Where's my pump?" I shouted.

"Was there a pump?" said the man, but closed the ticket-window before I could reply.

Better World Club

(Mark MMCCCXXVI)

WHILE faction, group, and nation
Still concentrate on pelf,

My world-wide organization

(Consisting of myself)

Is different. Bash the tabors!

Salute my flag unfurled!

I cannot unite my neighbours,

So,

I'll just unite the world.

Waiting for the Bride

"BED-SITTING GROOM; gas ring; suit business person."—*Advt. in Suburban Paper.*

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

At the Revivals

"GHOSTS" (DUKE OF YORK'S)
"THE MASTER BUILDER"
(WESTMINSTER)

WAS Mrs. Alving, after all, a bit of a fool as well as a noble martyr? The sainted woman sends her son to Paris to educate himself and to keep him away from all knowledge of his tainted father. But why Paris—when her whole point and purpose is that one day his father's ghost will be finally laid, and *Oswald* can come gladly home for good? Why not Wittenberg or Gothenburg or even Heidelberg? Why stress the contrast with that waiting home which had no delights to offer but a grim house, a glum fjord, a conspicuous absence of sun, and what little wine the late Mr. Alving could be expected to leave behind in his cellar? Why blame the poor lad, when he does come home, for sitting up late over one of those sad remaining bottles? Why invite nobody but a peculiarly dull pastor to dine o' nights? Were there no young Erics or Sigurds in the town for *Oswald* to go climbing with? Were there no fish in the fjord? If he must have a love-affair, was there no possible or suggestible alternative to one with the serving-maid who turns out to be his own half-sister?

These questions have never arisen in this play-going mind before. They did not arise when Mrs. Campbell played Mrs. Alving—or Dame Sybil Thorndike—or Miss Marie Ney—or Mme. Paxinou. Why then do they arise when Miss BEATRIX LEHMANN essays the part in the present revival? It can only be because Miss LEHMANN chooses to make her an almost aggressively depressing lady. Her voice is as beautiful and wild as the beat of the sea on a desolate shore. But it is also as monotonous. Shelley would call these cadences "the mournful surges that ring the dead seaman's knell," and Shelley himself would have fled to Italy after half a day of listening to them. A Mrs. Alving so unvaried, so dark, so comfortless, distorts the whole credibility of the masterpiece. Doing

her best to be cheerful ("Bring a whole bottle this time, Regina!") she attains to no more than the dank comfort of an opened umbrella. But in the many scenes when that enforced sparkle is not called for she is irresistibly, undeviatingly, irreconcilably like an umbrella folded. It is a very handsome article of the finest dark-brown silk, and from the most expensive store in Christiania. But an article it stays, rather than a human being.

When Mr. Cochran presented Mme. Paxinou in *Ghosts* he gave her a bright sitting-room, flowers, interesting-



AN ECHO OF THE PAST

Pastor Manders. MR. EDWARD BYRNE
Mrs. Alving MISS BEATRIX LEHMANN

looking books in new bindings. Mr. DENNIS ARUNDELL, producing for Miss LEHMANN and apparently in strict accord with the lines of her interpretation, has prescribed a gloomy room, some murky embroidery kept in a dingy tambour, and an array of volumes which look like a Norwegian set of *Family Words* of a date some thirty years earlier. Possibly a wedding-present to the *Alvings* from some pious relative? Yet there are pointers in IBSEN's text to Mrs. Alving's general warm-heartedness and particular interest in contemporary culture. Is not *Pastor Manders* shocked at her reading a French novel? This line is not cut in the

Duke of York's revival. But the *Pastor* here gingerly lifts up a tome which looks as though it might easily be Zimmermann *On Solitude*, and the baleful cast of Mrs. Alving's features makes us utterly disbelieve the insinuation that it is anything more frolicsome. The best performance in this revival is Mr. JOHN CAROL's *Oswald*, and the worst is certainly not Miss LEHMANN'S.

A new production of *The Master Builder* is the latest example of Mr. DONALD WOLFIT'S apparently infinite capacity for taking pains. Can any company be expected to move easily from Shakespeare via Molière to anything like a satisfactory interpretation of the bleakest and most obscure of all the great dramas of IBSEN'S maturity? Let it be said without parody that the Westminster experiment is astonishingly successful and richly deserves encouragement. Mr. WOLFIT'S *Solness*, though made up a little too like a mixture of Oom Paul Kruger and any Guido Reni saint, is a strikingly intelligent and sensitive performance. Miss ROSALIND IDEN'S *Hilda*, though she falters a little sometimes in the delineation of that diamond-hard and peculiarly difficult character, is by far the best performance she has ever given us. And when both players come together in their mighty and mightily subtle duos in the middle and at the end of this strange, beautiful and baffling play, we certainly hear *Hilda's*

"harps in the air." We are still far from knowing what that celestial noise signifies. But we are mystically and excitingly aware of it when the performance is well-considered and well-delivered.

A word as to the IBSEN translations used. *Ghosts* is given in a gingered-up version, by Mr. NORMAN GINSBURY, which yet retains some odd flatnesses, as when Mrs. Alving says of her late husband that he would wander round the fjord "seeking for opportunities to indulge in licence." The original translation of *The Master Builder* has been improved everywhere, nearly always felicitously, by Miss PAGAN and by Mr. WOLFIT himself. A. D.

At the Pictures

DISAPPOINTMENT

THE sharp contrast of critical opinions about *This Land is Mine* (Director: JEAN RENOIR) seemed to indicate that it would prove to be the most interesting film of the fortnight, and I was fairly confident of adding my small vote to those for. But I seem to be *against*, and I found it less interesting than continually irritating. What happens to these great French directors when they have to work in Hollywood? Is the trouble in this instance merely that a French director has to produce a sort of reproduction of his own country (though the place is not, I believe, anywhere in the picture stated to be France, and no French words are used), with Hollywood actors and Hollywood-made backgrounds, for a non-French audience? It's arguable that the director, unless he is working entirely with his "own" material, ought to have had roughly the same sort of experience as the intended audience: that it is a fallacy to believe that a story of Occupied France will be done better, for a non-French audience, by a French director. Anyway, in my opinion *This Land is Mine* is not at all a success. It seemed to me—let us get the uncomplimentary summing-up over at once—artificial, disconnected, implausible, with cardboard backgrounds often highly over-lit, and full of familiar and even hackneyed dialogue delivered in the most exasperating way in which ordinary sentiments can be delivered: with a significant, "infinitely wise," not to say roguish smile and the spoken or implied words "You see." That I should be saying this about a film by one of the best French directors makes me feel uneasy; but even on second thoughts I mean it.

Continually in this piece one recognizes things that would have been good in a French picture but have somehow gone wrong through being transplanted: the little touches of oddity that usually give reality to a character here seem merely odd, grafted on, not "natural" freakishness.

As for CHARLES LAUGHTON's part, I couldn't help wishing MICHEL SIMON were in it. Mr. LAUGHTON has not really very much to do here except gibber with fear at intervals and be thrown into a paroxysm of coughing by his first cigarette. The most obvious emotion, fear has always been a favourite with producers in search of something suited to the talents of a "great" actor: from

Jannings onwards, at some time they have all had to gibber. In fact the great actor, particularly the great film-actor, should be given things to do that are subtle, not obvious.

I have developed my own unimportant views at too great length. Laughton fans will not be kept away by them; and remember that there is a strong division of opinion about this film, and that you may agree with the critics who think well of it.

Perhaps one could have foretold what would happen when WILLIAM SAROYAN got to Hollywood, or when Hollywood got hold of WILLIAM SAROYAN, whichever is responsible for *The Human Comedy* (Director: CLARENCE BROWN). It is tempting to describe this as a bath of emotion, diluted, beaten to a cream, warmed and then poured over everything in sight; but that would be rather unjust, for the film has very good bits. The Saroyan reader will recognize many familiar situations—the boys and girls and the school-teacher, the children in the public library, and so on—and it is nearly all very well done, except only for the fact that the intense significant manner assumed for profound remarks about Life (such as all Saroyan characters make) tends to become familiar. MICKEY ROONEY is good, and the child JACK JENKINS is one of the most lifelike children ever

put on the screen; but I'm afraid the film as a whole is altogether too sentimentally "warm" for me.

The best film of the fortnight is the Crown Film Unit's *Close Quarters* (Director: JACK LEE), a feature-length documentary about the work of a submarine. This has no professional actors, though it reveals one or two excellent natural ones: the men you see in these intricate and dangerous jobs are the men whose war-time duty is actually to do them. The submarine *Tyrant* goes out on a "normal Norwegian coast patrol," torpedoes a floating-dock, and escapes the subsequent depth-charges—that is a summary of a film that is throughout interesting, entertaining and well done, and often amusing or exciting: a film that leaves you with the sense that you have used your time well in seeing it.

And BOB HOPE is BOB HOPE. *They Got Me Covered* (Director: DAVID BUTLER) is the old spy story again, a little overloaded with plot, but often very funny. I enjoyed this too (guiltily). R. M.

Polite-Distinction Corner

"Wanted, urgently, Confectioner; also Bread Baker, female or gent."

Advt. in Manchester Paper.



"Then on the leg side it's mostly potatoes, with a little patch of mint at silly mid-on."



"Why they put H for Ydrant I don't know, but there it is."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

A Swiss View

IN the seventies of the nineteenth century Basel, once famous for theological controversy and art, the home of Erasmus and Holbein, was known to the world at large only as an important railway junction on the way to Germany, Italy and the Alps. Yet though its university numbered fewer members than a middle-sized Oxford or Cambridge college, its teaching staff at this time included the most explosive thinker since Rousseau, Friedrich Nietzsche, and an historian, JACOB BURCKHARDT, who, if less penetrating than Nietzsche in his most inspired moments, possessed, in a more sober and reasoned form, the same divination of the troubles brewing beneath the prosperous surface of the age. Viewing the great nations of Europe from his Swiss retreat, BURCKHARDT was neither intoxicated by progress, like Macaulay, nor dazzled by power, like Carlyle. Though there is much in his *Reflections on History* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 12/6) which he could expand and clarify if he were alive to-day, there is very little he would be forced to revise. In 1870 he wrote "The most ominous thing is not the present war, but the era of wars upon which we have entered." As he showed in his relations with Nietzsche, he was guarded and circumspect by nature. This may explain why he did not point directly to Germany as the storm-centre of the coming age, but there can be little doubt that in using the France of Louis XIV as an illustration of "the modern, centralized Power State" he was offering Bismarck's Germany a hint of the direction in which it was going. Whether or not that was his intention,

Hitler and his Germany are accurately mirrored in BURCKHARDT's description of Louis XIV as "a more Mongolian than occidental monstrosity . . . sole possessor of rights and sole proprietor of bodies and souls," his attribution to the French of a "bias towards uniformity, and docility to tutelage," and his denunciation of the expulsion of the Huguenots as "the greatest human sacrifice ever offered to the Moloch of 'unity'." Beyond the epoch of wars and tyranny which he predicted, he believed there would be a reaction towards an ideal of freedom, but only at the expense of superhuman strength and effort. Of this effort, however costly, he would have approved, for he was not a pacifist, and distinguished between wars of defence and aggression. The former indeed moved his melancholy withdrawn nature to something like enthusiasm. "War," he said, "alone grants to mankind the magnificent spectacle of a general submission to a general aim." H. K.

China and the Powers—A New Interpretation

Much has been written about outside intervention in China, most of it displaying a crass indifference to the historical backgrounds of the intervening powers: backgrounds without which any understanding of the Far East is impossible. This discreditable situation has been brilliantly retrieved by Sir JOHN PRATT, late of the Foreign Office, who, with forty-four years' experience of Chinese affairs behind him, has produced an account not only of *War and Politics in China* (CAPE, 12/6) but of the principles, or lack of principles, guiding (or misguiding) her invaders. The book is an historical *tour de force*. England, Germany, France, Russia, America, Japan—all with pawns on the Chinese chess-board! their strategic moves involving trade interests on the spot, political aspirations at home and the domestic affairs of China herself. These three threads are so intimately woven in an inimitable narrative that perhaps one should not stress the invaluable lessons the book holds for ourselves. "Scrambling for markets," disinterested co-operation for a better world—both elements are candidly discerned. The most poignant chapters of all see the abandonment of Free Trade and "splendid isolation" for Imperial Preferences and that "touting for alliances" which lent short-sighted aid to Japan and led, in due course, to the disasters of 1914 and 1939.

H. P. E.

Text-Book to Adolescence

Dr. J. MACALISTER BREW regards a young people's club as a community engaged in the task of educating itself, and believes that its activities, whether it be of the collar-and-tie or cap-and-muffler variety, simply must grow out of the desires and limitations of its members. It seems to follow, as she asserts, that no subject of study is more truly cultural than another. Bang goes an immense amount of humbug, art-artyness and self-conscious uplift, and the first task of the club leader consists in giving the difficult young things a place and an environment where they can be comfortable and can have a chance to talk and mix and relax a thousand half-realized strains associated with the oversharpest changes from school to factory and from childhood to the status of an adult. Dr. BREW's study—*In the Service of Youth* (FABER, 7/6)—should be in the hands of every one of that increasing host of persons zealous, with or without knowledge, to help the responsible citizens of the next generation to find their balance. Her information is prodigious and her good sense beyond all praise. For just one instance of her methods, she has analysed without their knowing it the

conversations of youngsters talking in a hundred different public-houses. The favourite topic was rationing, second favourite ethics and religion, films and war well placed, politics nowhere. She has ideas to meet every occasion, from gently detaching the young fellow expending his calf love on her unembarrassed self to fathoming the thwarted conceits of a juvenile delinquent. If sometimes her inspirations come too thick and fast for accurate marshalling, such admired disorder is no new thing in a club, and anyway she has a horror of formality.

C. C. P.

In the Lost Battle

Is it really worth while writing a novel on a war still *sub judice*—above all if you select one of the darkest aisles of the past for your marriage of truth and fiction? Mr. JOHN LODWICK has obviously enjoyed creating an imaginary British *légionnaire* and seeing him through the Battle of France, a concentration camp and occupied territory. America has crowned *Running to Paradise* (METHUEN, 9/6) as a prize first novel: perhaps because America comes better out of the book, by default, than the rest of us? The author's manner is a rather crude Nietzschean irony, which distrusts everything it encounters, including itself. His hero *Adrian Dormant*—whose diary is indistinguishable in style and sentiment from the narrative—is a belated romantic, *enfant par la tête et vieux par le cœur*; and *Adrian's* cynical candour on the moral and physical squalor of war would have been useful enough in a straight chronicle. As it is, the book's most effective passages are its least historical tit-bits of horror and roguery. The epileptic murderers of Varzy, the six wanton daughters of the Mayor of Vandernesse, the provident *M. Vernoux*, embezzler of Avignon, will, one wagers, be remembered by Mr. LODWICK's thrilled readers long after his comments on Allied crimes and blunders are forgotten.

H. P. E.

The Country Between Covers

There are ten chapters to Mr. H. E. BATES's newest volume *O More Than Happy Countryman* (COUNTRY LIFE, 8/6), and it has ten full-page illustrations by Mr. C. F. TUNNICLIFFE, besides many smaller ones, and the result is a very pretty bit of book-making. It is likely to appeal to everyone who loves the country or the seaside—for one of the best sections deals with seaside flowers and includes, besides, a charming account of the buying and selling of fish, fresh from the ocean. The ways of jobbing gardeners, who find their apotheosis in the person of *Mr. Pimpkins*, are the comic relief, and for his book's more serious side the author deals with the changes that have come and are likely to come to the countryside accelerated by the demands of war. Among these is, it would seem to be his opinion, that besides the great house the clergymen of the parish will vanish, being apparently "part of a dying system." However that may be, Mr. BATES has some very sensible things to say of the countryman's unwillingness to take any real interest in his own local government—the townsman is as bad but less noticeable; and of all authors writing now he has perhaps the happiest knack of bringing the colour and fragrance of a garden so clearly to the reader's mind that it almost seems that they are also reaching his eyes and his nose.

B. E. S.

A Welsh Autobiography

Mr. MICHAEL GARETH LLEWELYN, like most modern autobiographers, is more intent on dramatizing the environment and circumstances of his early years than on

giving a sincere account of what he thought, felt and did. The frontispiece to *Sand in the Glass* (JOHN MURRAY, 12/6) is a coloured sketch, entitled "Such Was My Country," showing Welsh hills in a sunny mist and a row of grey mining cottages straggling along in the valley below. It is a pretty sketch, but one's foreboding that it is not the prelude to a masterpiece of self-revelation is soon realized. The author's mother, the village schoolmistress, is characterized as a personality who commanded respect and whose influence had been felt by generation after generation in the community. His father, the village blacksmith, was also an antiquarian, whose collection of Welsh oxen songs and dissertation on word place-names in English border counties won him prizes at the Welsh National Eisteddfod. They were devoted to one another, and their numerous children were devoted to them, and happy and amiable among themselves. When the author turns from the family circle to his neighbours, he admits a few shadows into the picture. There is a good story of a woman who bought an oak coffin for a man whom she had loved and who had been enticed from her by another woman; and the account of Old Badger, a brutish farmer who used to terrorize the village school until he was put on the fire in the taproom of the local inn by an old pupil, suggests that, had he been so disposed, the author could have given us a vivid panorama of life in a Welsh village. But the romanticizing note prevails over these occasional attempts at realism. He tells us, for example, that he "must have been a poisonous little fellow in many ways," but gratifies our natural curiosity for details only with a rather vaguely-told story of how he traced to its true cause the excessively rubicund complexion of a local curate. The best and by far the most real chapter in the book gives the author's experiences at a training school for teachers, where he was "subject to a hectoring control by Seniors for whose intelligence I had an unfeigned contempt." It is a pity, however, that he should have prefaced this narrative of tyranny and cowed submission with Humbert Wolfe's lines picturing a poor youth going out into life, the sun in his hair and his eyes lit, and the thorns of the world as blossoms for his crown.

H. K.

What Might Have Been

In *When the Bells Rang* (HARRAP, 8/6) Mr. ANTHONY ARMSTRONG and Mr. BRUCE GRAEME give at least half the lie to the slogan, "Collaboration brings Vexation," for story and style run smoothly as though one brain had urged a single pen. Sleuth-minded readers, however, may worry themselves to detect the thought and work of their own particular favourite. Others may be baffled by the morality of the young Commander of Home Guards who, a few days after the Invasion of Britain which forms the story's plot, sees a loophole in a new order that H.G.s shall fight away from their homes, and permits his men to resign without notice, to surrender their uniforms and keep arms and ammunition so that they may fight locally as guerrillas. These scrupulous people must remind themselves that it is "only a book," and the same warning will be necessary to all country readers, for the villagers of Russocks have kith and kin all over the country. The invading Huns behave as one would expect them to, cunningly, Hunnishly and, at first, with mercy-mongering protests. Their leader's attitude, towards the hero's fiancée, who has a delicate mother, provides the rough course for a love-story, and there are excitements enough to make the reader slow to answer front-door and telephone bells, though he may jump on Sunday morning if he lives within sound of a church tower.

B. E. B.

More Collected Essays of J. Pope Clugston

SAVING PAPER

ONE of the best ways of saving paper is to make your own calendars at home. Not only can you make them out of wood, bark, sheepskin, etc., or draw them on the walls, ceilings, or windows, but if you insist on making them out of paper you can save one-twelfth (over 8 per cent.) by omitting February, which is merely a duplicate of the month of March (the first twenty-eight days of March, of course), except on Leap Years. Or one could omit March and insert February, adding three days at the bottom for use on March 29, 30 and 31. Another great saving could be effected by doing away with another curious duplication. The novels of Wolfram Punt are not only exactly the same as each other but are reasonable facsimiles of the works of Hiram Loofah.

AS I'VE HEARD TELL

I have just read, not without amusement and astonishment, that no such person as William Tell ever existed. It is all very easy to make such statements. But if he never existed, how could he have shot the apple off his son's head? And what about the Overture, for goodness' sake? I've heard it with my own ears three thousand and forty-two times, each worse than the last. To say it doesn't exist is mere wishful thinking. Or optative opining.

THESAURUS

I understand that there are many people who actually use Roget's *Thesaurus*. This may or may not be an interesting fact. I often find things interesting in the sense of being uninteresting. That is to say, people who are interested in uninteresting things may themselves be interesting on that account, in a dull kind of way. However, whether you use the *Thesaurus* or not, you cannot deny that it contains many astonishing things. For example, if you want an interjection to express lamentation, you might not think of "O lud lud!" but Section 839 has it all ready for you. Section 409, the one on Sibilation, is among the best, for it contains a poem.

Though Roget prints it as prose, I have copied it out in four lines to draw attention to the metre and the rhymes:

Hiss, buzz, whiz,
Rustle, fizz,
Fizzle, sizzle, swish, wheeze,
Whistle, snuffle, squash, sneeze.

This poem would make an excellent college yell for some American academy—perhaps one where they specialized in the common cold. It also sounds rather like the Reptile House.

LIBEL

The law of libel, I believe, is a most uncertain and tricky business, not at all like the usual legal game where the confusion is merely a legal figment to make things seem worth the money. In the case of libel the lawyers themselves are confused and often advise an innocent defendant to settle out of court or an obviously injured plaintiff to chuck the whole thing. There are a few certainties, however, and one of them is that you can libel a man by holding him up to ridicule. I should like everyone to understand before the case is tried that I never held my Cousin Wicksteed up to ridicule. He was up there before I touched him. From the way he stays up there, he

seems almost self-supporting. Cousin Wicksteed also claims that I am always pulling people to pieces. Ah, Wicksteed, Wicksteed, thou canst not say I did it; never shake thy gory locks at me. I didn't pull you to pieces; you came apart in me hands.

LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES

Did you ever stop to think what it must be like for a burglar to discover that he is suddenly growing deaf? A very pathetic tale could be written on this theme. But I can think of something much worse. According to the present law, if it takes the victim longer than a year and a day to succumb to the murderer's efforts, the latter is not guilty. The law presumes that he did not cause what it knows perfectly he *did* cause. Now, supposing he planned everything very carefully down to the last minute, and old Sir Crispin died one year and two days after the mysteriously poisoned postage stamp was placed on his desk. "*Un succès fou!*" exclaims the villain. Then to his horror he realizes that it is Leap Year and he should have allowed for one more day.

NAPOLEON

On a page of book reviews in a daily newspaper I saw this headline: "Napoleon Bonapart Stood Out Among Whole Family."* Of course we mustn't believe everything we read in the papers, but I think a moderate statement like this can safely be accepted. If only all our news was written with this calm scientific detachment! Mind you, I don't suppose Napoleon himself would accept this statement. In one of the Wolfville books which were popular forty years ago and which described the early days in Arizona, there was a fragment of a poem called "Napoleon's Mad Career."

*I'll drink and swear and rear and tear
And fall down in the mud,
While the earth for forty miles around
Is kivered with my blood.*

These are the words of the Emperor himself. I do not think they would be an exaggerated account of his behaviour on reading that headline. He might not drink, but he would certainly swear and rear and tear. Not to mention falling down in the mud.

*The original cutting may not only be inspected at Punch Office, but may be taken home by anyone who wants the darn thing.

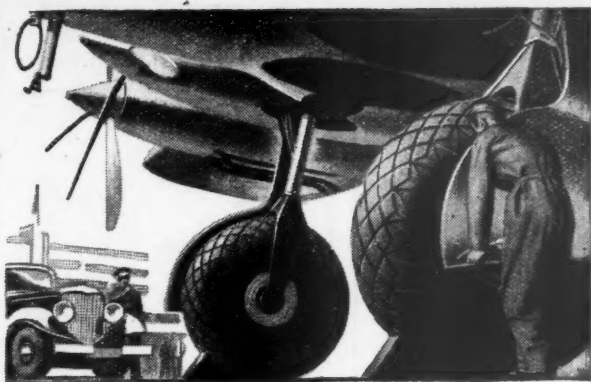


"The Germans announce their losses as SEVEN bombers—a result presumably arrived at by the simple device of dividing the real total by 10¹⁴²⁸⁵⁷."

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Another

GOOD YEAR

contribution to progress



This is Dad
going to the
office he al-
ways drinks

Oxo at the office
about elevenish he said
Oxo makes him work
hard all day Pam



SINCE the 'sixties Romary of Tunbridge Wells have produced 'home-baked' biscuits of supreme quality. They still do so, and any Romary Biscuits which you may be fortunate enough to find will always be in the authentic Tunbridge Wells tradition.

ROMARY

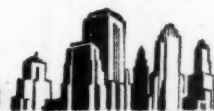
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In two ways MEMBERS can do much to help:—

1. Keep correspondence with the Society at a minimum, and
2. Either to us or to your agent, give introductions to likely new members.

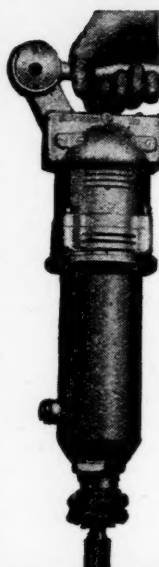
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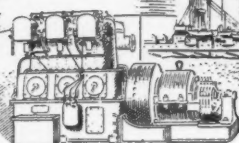
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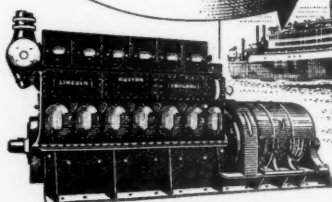
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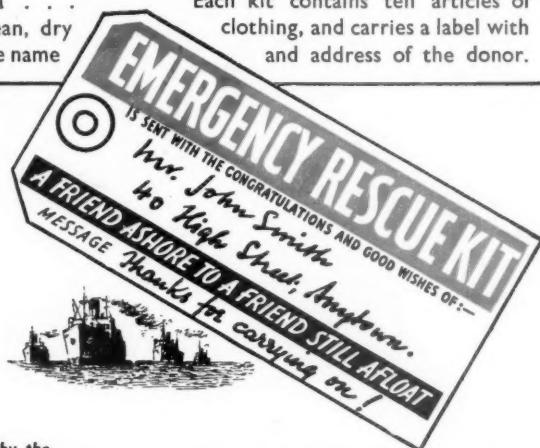
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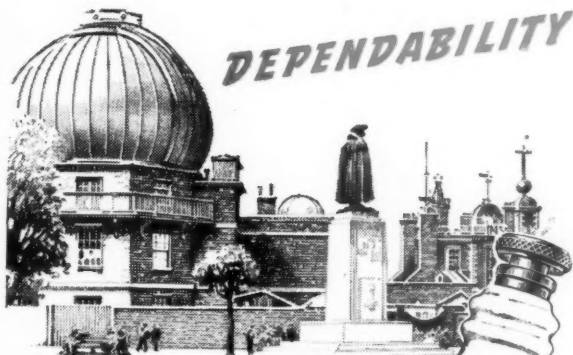
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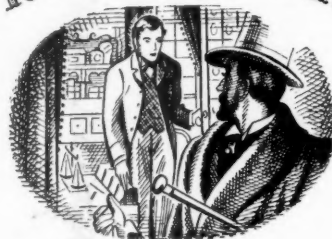
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